

# THE MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF  
ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,  
AND WEEKLY RECORD OF  
*Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.*

“Ἡ μὲν ἁρμονία ἀόρατόν τι καὶ ἀσώματον,  
καὶ πάγκαλόν τι καὶ θεῖόν ἐστιν.”

PLAT. *Phædo*. sec. xxxvi.

Music is a something viewless and incorporeal,  
an all-gracious and a God-like thing.

MAY 9, 1839.

No. CLXV.—NEW SERIES, No. LXXI.

{ PRICE 3d.  
{ STAMPED, 4d.

THE domestic musical event of the past week must certainly be considered the production of Mr. Rooke's Opera of *Henrique, or the Love Pilgrim*, at Covent Garden. There are other reasons, however, why we select it as the subject of our opening article. In the first place, it has been sounded unto the world with large note of preparation; and, it was understood that, in its introduction, Mr. Macready would vindicate the great principles which have governed his management in all other respects. Moreover, it was to be the signal for the introduction of a new tenor—an acquisition of considerable importance to the strength of the operatic company of the theatre. But another point in which we wish most strongly to bring this opera before the attention of the public as judges—and of professors and composers as persons interested in the *example* of its production is this—that it has triumphantly proved the absolute necessity of a libretto of sterling sense, and some dramatic spirit and construction—of some pretension to poetry—of some lyrical quality and smoothness of measure—of some power of narrative and consistency of plot;—and that a libretto without these attributes and character, not only paralyzes the genius of the composer, but mars the effects of his best music, and tends to act more injuriously upon the whole success of his opera than any counteracting demerits of his own. Without wishing particularly to depreciate the libretto which has been written by Mr. Haines, and which, however bad in itself, is yet better than the common run of the same articles by Messrs. Bunn, Barnett, or Fitzball, we must yet assert an opinion in which we are, indeed, supported by the whole press without a single exception, that the plot, dramatic working, and poetry (save the mark!) of *Henrique, or the Love Pilgrim*, have proved a great set-off against the triumph of the opera—and we hope the warning will induce Mr. Rooke, and other composers, to refuse to wed their music to spurious

VOL. XII.—NEW SERIES, VOL. V.

(Printed by John Leighton, 11, Johnson's Court, Fleet Street.)

literature, and to seek the co-operation of men of eminence and reputation, of whom there can be surely no dearth. Why has Moore never been persuaded to write a libretto? Why did Haynes Bayley never write one? Why does not Lover, or Barry Cornwall, or any one of the best lyric poets and accepted song-writers of our time, find sources of inspiration for the operatic muse? Is it because composers find *their own poets*, and will not take the poets of the people? Does Mr. Barnett prefer his brother—the celebrated poet of *Farinelli*—before the author of the *Irish Melodies*? Would Mr. Rooke refuse Haynes Bayley for Haines? We hope that musical men of genius are not really so blinded as this, both to their own interests and those of the public, with which they must ever be identified. At all events the subject is one which impresses itself more and more upon attention with the production of every new opera, and the libretto of the *Love Pilgrim* seems to have brought it in a manner to a crisis, which has at least elicited decisive opinions, and will, we hope, lead to a practical reform. It will readily be admitted that such words as the following must no longer be permitted to find interpretation in beautiful music upon the stage:—

AIR.—*Henrique* —(M<sup>r</sup>. HARRISON.)

Bright eyed Moorish maiden,  
Form'd for love,  
Peri sweet of Aden,  
Passion's gentle dove,  
Whispers from thy lips, fairest,  
Steal souls hence,  
While the loveliest charm thou wearest,  
Is thine innocence.  
Thy smile a Paradise is bringing,  
Thy voice is like an angel's singing.  
Bright eyed Moorish maiden,  
Hush'd my lute, '  
Round thee, perfume-laden,  
List'ning winds are mute;  
Nature tranced in pleasure,  
Smiles on thee,  
Aden's choicest treasure  
Thou art form'd to be.

RECITATIVE AND AIR.—*Leolf*.—(M<sup>r</sup>. MANVERS.)

RECITATIVE.

Gay Tournament, bright glowing scene,  
To youth and valour Love holds forth a prize,  
'Tis a young maiden's heart I dare the field,  
That young heart loves me, victory then is mine;  
Sound trumpets, sound, to drown all hopeless sighs.

AIR.

With spear and shield, and true love's gage,  
I sally forth where gallant knights  
And merry maids  
All gaily throng—love's tournament,  
And music's sound  
Spreads joys around.  
With bounding heart, fierce war I wage  
'Gainst all who dare for love's delights  
Seek myrtle shades,  
Or pass the hours 'mid roseate bowers,  
With hope's bright smile, and flattering wile,  
Resolved to sway  
The festive day.  
Oh, the gallant happy thought.  
Mine's the prize so boldly sought.

The lists are form'd, the trumpets sound,  
 Love's champions pace the brilliant round,  
 The beam of one bright eye meets mine,  
 That glance shall victory round me twine.  
 Thy love is mine—my trusty glaive  
 Shall justify the love you gave.  
 Oh, the gallant happy thought,  
 Mine's the love so boldly sought.

With spear and shield, &c.

To avoid repetitions of such *fanfarronades* of absolute balderdash, it will become henceforth the duty of managers to refuse operas with such *librettos*, and Mr. Macready would have been justified in pursuing such a course with *Henrique*. By so doing he would in fact only have followed out the very principles to which we have already alluded—for surely there is a sort of inconsistency in admitting such rubbish upon a stage upon which it is his great boast, that the text of Shakspeare is uttered, and abided by, in all its original force, purity, and beauty. Let us now say that none of the above remarks are intended in an unfriendly spirit towards Mr. Rooke, whom we respect as one of the most powerful and original of living native composers, and whose new opera we regard as a work replete with genius and scattered with merit-evidences of high order.

All the journals have borne testimony to the enthusiastic manner in which it was received, as well as to the success of Mr. Harrison, the new tenor, who made his *debut* in the part of *Henrique*. We are compelled to reserve our own critical opinions until next week, when we propose giving an elaborate analysis of its merits.

Owing to the sudden and extreme indisposition of the Editor, it has been impossible to fulfil the promise given last week of a double number, or, in other respects, to bear out the features and design of the work as announced in the opening article of the new management.

#### THE SENSATION.

Not all the political changes of the past week—even though involving the dissolution of a cabinet and the upset of an administration—appear to have disturbed society into a sudden animation and excitement, half so lively, exuberant, and irrepressible as that which has stirred the musical community since the publication of our last number. The whole profession has been from that memorable hour in a blissful state of unrestrained ecstasy. Their ambition shines before them, realized in the distance—their hopes have been uplifted as the sand by the simoom—they regard us at once as the herald of their future glory—and there are no longer clouds in their atmosphere, nor anything but sunbeams upon their path! In fact they have considered our periodical under its new promise, as a sort of advent of a musical millennium—and it only remains for us to record their various modes of expressing the deep and absorbing joy which has suddenly filled their souls. This joy has manifested itself in a thousand forms—in letters—in congratulations—in presents—in whispers—in promises—in songs—in epigrams—in poetry—in prose—from theatres—from the opera—from concerts and drawing rooms—from wind instruments and stringed instruments—in the eloquence of the pianoforte—in the grandeur of the organ, and by the voice of the big drum! Let us at once, either by narrative or quotation, present the reader with a few of these indices to our fame.

The buoyant air  
Of Hanover Square,  
Grew bold, and fresh, and free;  
And the Opera made  
Its Colonnade,  
Ring loud with revelry!

Willis's Rooms  
Dismiss'd their glooms;  
And a burst that might appal  
All *Store Street*—rose—  
To undo repose,  
In the realms of Music Hall!

The imps of joy  
Did their lungs employ,  
Till we thought their throats would sever:  
While still broke out  
This glorious shout—  
THE MUSICAL WORLD FOR EVER!

Miss Birch, with a gladness bright and strong,  
Sang "Let the bright Seraphim" all day long;  
And Mori show'd how his feelings glow'd,  
And what was the joy of his heart O!  
By playing away with his best display,  
A violin obligato!

Delighted was seen our gracious Queen,  
Who express'd a hope of finding scope  
In the "Musical World" to instruct her,  
So to aid her bright'ning by our light'ning,  
Sir George Smart quick sent his gold-headed stick  
To act as a *conductor*.

Grisi—Garcia—Persiani—  
Madame Balfe—Madlle. Monani—  
Riviere—Bilstein—all sent *notes*,  
Not in writing nor in money,  
But by sounds as sweet as honey,  
With their *voices* and their *votes*.

Fanny Wyndham's heart grew bigger  
While she sang us the "*Grave-digger*,"  
Hoping no church-yard might figure  
Such an "*infra dig*," for us;  
And all, sudden, to astound us,  
Hummel's "*Battle Prayer*" broke round us,  
Then what great enchantment bound us!  
What a feeling! What a fuss!

What a fuss indeed! It is impossible to go on bustling it into poetry—so a little prose must serve to bring it to a finale. In a word, then, the homage from all the fair and famous in the world of music has been laid at the feet of the "Musical World!" According to vows and promises, if ever we should take a benefit, what a programme we should have. As Juliet would fain have done with Romeo, we shall be able to "Cut it out in stars," that "all the world may be in love" with that particular "night" which we may do it the honour of selecting for so distinguished an occasion. At present we must make our bow, for there is a sudden twinge of modesty—with us more powerful than gout—which restrains us for the moment from dwelling any longer upon the question of the SENSATION.

## SEBASTIAN BACH.

From the same source to which we were last week indebted for an estimate of the talent of Moscheles, and for some anecdotes of the wonderful Beethoven, we now introduce our readers to an interesting episode of musical anecdote, history, and criticism, concerning one of the earliest composers for keyed instruments—in the learning of whose works the public have recently taken a lively pleasure—and of whose excellencies they have been awakened to a deep appreciation, and warmed into an acknowledgment that they are amongst music's least mortal possessions.

Though the French taste for frippery in place of solid science, and the Italian instinct for rhythmical and easy melody, so overswept the European schools of instrumental music for a time, that even some among the family of the grand old fuguist did not escape the infection, and his "Well-tempered Clavier" was forgotten for the flimsier works of Hullmandel, Schobert, and Paradies;—it was but for a time. The honest old organist\* was, after a period of usurpation and famine, sought for and found—like the Champions of the Swiss superstition—with grave patience, awaiting in his tomb the moment when he should come forth and assist in the recovery of his olden heritage;—and to-day he stands before us, vigorous, gigantic, and as undamaged by time as the youngest enthusiast who hastens to do him honour. There is no sign of the times fuller of promise than the unanimous *encores* bestowed upon the fugues, and preludes, and fantasias of Bach, when performed in London by Moscheles, and in Birmingham by Mendelssohn. To the former artist belongs the credit of being foremost in recalling the English public to a study of these master-pieces, and he has been aided and accompanied by zealous critics and enterprising publishers, each of whom has found encouragement. It may be hoped that a further consequence of the restoration of what Goethe loved to call his "Sebastiana," will manifest itself in a revival of the grand school of organ-playing. But to follow up the hint by a sketch of what is doing, and plan of what might be done in this matter, would lead the writer from the chamber into the church. To abide by the pianoforte, then, it may truly be said that any one who can execute the works of Bach perfectly, must have gained in the course of his study a force, a flexibility, and an equality of finger, which qualify him to attack the most impracticable of the *great* modern music;—that any one who can rightly give expression to his subjects, as boldly and beautifully conceived as they are at once strictly and variously brought out, may be trusted to approach the richest melody of Mozart, the loftiest and most dramatic phrase of Beethoven, or the wildest imaginings of a Weber. We are not writing for the technical student, and it

\* All the details of the private life and habits of Bach which have come down to us, possess us with the idea of his being a plain and resolute man, of contented disposition, and strong domestic affections. These might be, in some measure, hereditary. The head of the family, who had been a baker and miller at Presburg, and was driven into Thuringia by the religious troubles of the sixteenth century, "amused himself with his guitar, which he even took with him into the mill, and played upon it amid all the noise and clatter of the mill;" and his descendants seem to have borne a strong family likeness to each other, not only in their musical gifts, but in the moderation of their desires, and the steadfastness of their affections. After enumerating many of the composer's ancestors, who were, for the most part, organists in small German towns, Dr. Forkel adds—"Not only the above-mentioned, but many other able composers of the same family, might undoubtedly have obtained much more important musical offices, as well as a more extensive reputation and a more brilliant fortune, if they had ever been inclined to leave their native province, Thuringia, and to make themselves known in other countries both in and out of Germany. But we do not find that any one of them ever felt an inclination for such an emigration: temperate and frugal by nature and education, they required but little to live, and the intellectual enjoyment which their art procured for them, enabled them not only to be content without the gold chains which used at that time to be given by distinguished men to esteemed artists, as especial marks of honour, but also without the least envy to see them worn by others, who, perhaps, without those chains could not have been happy."

"Besides this happy contentedness, which is indispensable to the cheerful enjoyment of life, the different members of this family had a very great attachment for each other. As it was impossible for them all to live in one place, they resolved to see each other at least once a year, and fixed a certain day upon which they had to appear at an appointed place. Even after the family had become much more numerous, and many of the members had been obliged to settle out of Thuringia, in different places of Upper and Lower Saxony and Franconia, they continued their annual meetings, which generally took place at Erfurt, Eisenach, or Arnstadt. Their amusements during the time of their meetings were entirely musical. As the company wholly consisted of chancers, organists, and town musicians, who had all to do with the church, and as it was besides a general custom to begin everything with religion, the first thing they did when they were assembled was to sing a hymn in chorus."

would therefore be superfluous in us to insist minutely upon the unapproached pre-eminence gained by Bach in one species of composition, namely, the fugue;—to point out by what means he not only understood but sported with secrets merely talked about or awkwardly touched by others;—to expatiate upon his preludes, at once strongly-knit and excursive, masculine in their boldness, child-like in their artless freedom. The public of musicians is already sufficiently alive to their rare excellence; and the sensible biography of Dr. Forkel is within reach of any one to whom the examination would prove a novelty. But a few fragments from the correspondence of Goethe and Zelter (Mendelssohn's master) cannot be out of place, whether for their intrinsic shrewdness and pertinence, or as instancing the respectful attention with which recent German artists have lent themselves to analyse and to study the principles of their predecessors:—

"It is only since the time of Mozart, that a greater desire of knowing and understanding Sebastian Bach has sprung up, because the latter appears mystical throughout, whereas the former makes at once a clear impression on you from without, and is easier followed, because he assembles what is earthly and living around him. I myself was almost on the point of not deriving any true pleasure from Mozart's works, because I had known Bach much earlier, in relation to whom, Mozart is as the Dutch painters are to the Italian and Greek, and it is only since I have attained more clearness on this point that I can value both highly—without requiring from one what the other gives.

Old Bach is, with all his originality, still a son of his country and clime, and could not escape the influence of the French, namely of Couperin. Accommodating politeness is often the cause of assumed manners, which have no permanence. The foreign tinge in Bach's writings is like a light foam, easily removed, and underneath which you find the pure substance.

What I call the French foam about Sebastian Bach's works is, indeed, not easily removed. It is like ether, everywhere, but never tangible. Bach is considered the greatest harmonist, and with justice. That he is a poet of the highest order might still be added, and yet he belongs to those who, with your Shakspeare, are sublime even over a child's doll-play.

But, besides, he was a man, father of a family, and leader of the choir at Leipsig, and, as such, not more independent than other people, if not much less so than Couperin, who during more than forty years served two kings in France.

Couperin printed and dedicated to the king, in the year 1713, the first fundamental directions how to play (*toucher*), not how to beat the pianoforte.

A King of France plays the 'claveccin,' nay, even the organ—with pedals too! Who could help following such an example? Couperin's new method consisted chiefly in the introduction of the thumb, by means of which only, a flowing sure execution is possible. The better Germans and Bach had long before adopted this method as a matter of course, though the left hand is apparently much less used than the right. Bach's studies require the use of the ten fingers, which, according to their respective length and strength, must learn every kind of service, and to this the most modern *toucheurs* owe all their incredible acquirements. Now, as every one in Bach's time was obliged to turn Frenchman in order to live, Bach let his sons study the prim, starched specimens of Couperin in their full costume—*en petit maitre*; nay, even he himself tried his hand as a composer in this style with great success, and thus the French embellishments stole into his music."

The whole passage is full of suggestion. The "French spirit," against which Zelter manifests so honest a spite, and which trammelled the art with us in Queen Anne's reign, till its earnest pursuit was abandoned, only disturbed the steadfast German mind of Bach so far as to win him to introduce certain modish and puerile flourishes, which his stiffly conscientious critic would "blow away." And yet, if we compare the pianoforte music of Bach with the harpsichord lessons of Handel, we shall find how infinitely small a portion of obsolete cadences and passages is to be ascribed to Couperin in the works of the former, compared with the no less obsolete roudades and trills and chains of mechanical sequences which the author of "Otho" and "Ariadne" borrowed from his mates of the Italian Opera. Each is a patriarch in instrumental writing; but Handel's periwig is the most obtrusive, and whereas Bach never wearies by his manner of descanting upon and amplifying his themes, Handel's instrumental compositions are often spun to a tedious length by contrivances of no greater significance than the modern Rossinian close, so happily compared by Liszt to the "your very humble servant," with which every letter concludes.

## ITALIAN OPERA BAND.

Rousseau, in alluding to orchestral discipline, very justly observes, that "L'ensemble ne depend pas seulement de l'habilité avec laquelle chacun lit la partie, mais de l'intelligence avec laquelle il en sent le caractère particulier et la liaison avec le tout." This intelligence, on which Rousseau lays so much stress, implies the power of the mind, abstracting itself in executing a single part, and pliantly following the general expression of the mass in the true spirit of the author! In dramatic music, this intellectual and rare qualification is required in a tenfold degree; and, it may be asserted, without exaggeration, that the duties of an orchestral performer at the Italian Opera, demand more musical intelligence than those merely required in the literal execution of overtures and sinfonias with metronomical exactitude. We have repeated occasions to notice that the Philharmonic band, which sometimes executes a sinfonia correctly, the next moment accompanies a singer, or soloist, with such manifest disregard of "la liaison avec le tout," as to satisfy our minds of its inferiority in discipline and musical intelligence, to the admirable *corps* of foreign and native talent, comprising the Italian Opera Band. *Costa* has now presided long enough over this band to distinguish the educated, from the uneducated, musician—to know where he can place implicit reliance, and where his attention is most required—to separate the artist, whose occasional levity compromises the respect due to his art, from those whose *amour-propre* and enthusiasm give respectability to their *metier*. The orchestra is now more numerous, more efficient in all its subordinate departments, and in a finer state of discipline than any other band in London; and, with honour and credit to *Costa*, be it said, there is scarcely one foreign artist in the band that could be safely replaced by native talent, whilst the available of the latter have been promoted to that situation which their qualifications most entitle them to fill. The following list of the band contains, of foreign artists, the names of Portuguese, one, four Italians, and eight Frenchmen—in all, seventy-seven!

*Conductor*—Maestro Costa.

*First Violins*—Messrs. Mori, Tolbecque, Nadaud, Watts, Ella, Watkins, Griesbach, Thomas, Willy, Patey, Richards, Cramer, Dunford, Newsham.

*Second Violins*—Messrs. Reeve, Pigott, Wagstaff, Payton, Brown, Westropp, W. Blagrove, Hope, Jacobs, Webbe, Betts, Harper, Perry, Marshall.

*Tenors*—Messrs. Morralt, Hill, Alsept, Daniels, Kearns, Calkin, Glanville, Morris.

*Violoncellos*—Messrs. Lindley, Rouselot, Crouch, Hatton, Lucas, Phillippis, Bonner, Lavenue.

*Double Basses*—Messrs. Dragonetti, Anfossi, Howell, Wilson, Griffiths, Flowers, Vaudreland, Campanite.

*Flute*—Messrs. Ribas, Defolly.

*Oboe*—Messrs. Barrey, Wilton.

*Clarinet*—Messrs. Willman, Bowley.

*Bassoons*—Messrs. Baumann, Tully.

*Trumpets*—Messrs. Harper, Irwin, Laurent.

*Horns*—Messrs. Platt, Rouselott, Calcott, Rae.

*Trombones*—Messrs. Smithers, Smithers, jun., Healey.

*Orpheclide*—Mr. Elliason.

*Harp*—Mr. Neilson.

*Drums*—Mr. Chipp.

*Long Drum*—Mr. Horton.

*Side Drum*—Mr. Carter.

*Triangle*—Mr. Calcott, jun.

Nadaud conducts the ballet music; Tolbecque plays the solos; and Mori, Lindley, and Dragonetti, are exempt from playing in the ballets.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

*To the Editor of the Musical World.*

SIR,—There is scarcely any thing more interesting than the accounts we now and then meet with of the domestic customs and manners of our ancestors—especially those relating to music. The following account is one of the very few that are to be found of the time



of James the First. The household establishments of noblemen of that day always retained a band of musicians in their pay; indeed, the custom is not lost even at the present, witness the private band of her Majesty, the Duke of Devonshire, &c.

Richard Braithwaite (who wrote in the time of James I.) in his "Rules and Orders for the government of the house of an Earl," states that "The musicians should be skilfull in that commendable sweete science; at great feastes, when the earle's service is going to the table, they are to play upon shagbatte, cornett, shalmes, and such other instruments going with winde; in meale times to play upon violls, *violins*, or other broken musike. They are to teach the earle's children to sing and play upon the base violl, the virginalls, lute, bandora, or citerne. In some houses they are allowed a messe of meat in their chambers; in other houses they eat with the waiters." Braithwaite also gives the following orders to the "Trumpetter and Drummer." "The trumpetter should be able to sound all pointes of warre; at great feastes, or in the time of great strangers, when it is time for the ewer to cover the table for the earle, he is to sounde to give warning, and the drumme to play till the ewer be readie to goe up with the service, and then to give place to the musitians who are to play on their instruments. When the earle is to ride a journey, he is early every morning to sounde, to give warning that the officers may have time to make all things ready for breakfast, and the grooms of the stable to dresse and meate the horses. When it is breakfast time he is to make his second sounding; breakfast ended, and things in a readiness, he is to sounde the third time to call to horse; he is to ride foremost both out and into any town, sounding his trumpet: upon the way he may sounde for pleasure; but if he see the day so spent that they are like to bringe late to their lodging he is to sounde the *tanlara* to move them to hasten their pace. There are many things necessary for him to learne if his lord goe into warres, but I will leave him to be instructed by men experienced in the art of warre. I have redde that the French king, Lewis the Eleventh (wanting an herald), sent a trumpetter to King Edward the Fourth, who delivered his message with so good a grace and pleasant speech that he got great commendation for the same, which is an example for trumpeters to learne to speake well, for often times they are to be sent on messages. He and the drummer are to goe often into the stable to acquaint the horses with the sound of the trumpet and the noise of the drumme."

This statement of Braithwaite of the practice of the violin in England, in James's time, is not only curious, but tends to show that the violin at that time was nearly as common an instrument as the viol, which instrument was not entirely superseded until the reign of Charles the Second. Who is there that has not heard of the once celebrated "Four-and-twenty fiddlers all of a row," which originated in Charles the Second's celebrated band of twenty-four violins. Of the viols, "it was usual," says Dr. Burney, "for most musical families to be in possession of a *chest*, consisting of two trebles, two tenors, and two basses, with six strings upon each, all tuned alike by 4ths and 3rds, and the necks fretted. The music that was performed on viols and virginalls at this period seems to be principally 'Fancies' or 'Fantazias,' some in fugue, others with variations on a ground, or a popular air of the time. Variations seem to have been the besetting sin of musicians from the days of good old Queen Bess to the present time. Simpson calls them 'divisions;' Handel, in his 'Suit de Pieces' for the harpsichord, terms them 'doubles'."

Simpson in his "Compendium," speaking of *fancees*, says that "this kind of music is now (1667) much neglected by reason of the scarcity of auditors that understand it; their ears being better acquainted and more delighted with light and airy music." He instances as the best composers of *fancees* in England, Alfonso Feraloseo, Coperareo, (alias Cooper) Lupo, Mico, White, Ward, D. Colman, and John Jenkins. He further observes "that the lovers of instrumental music need not have recourse to outlandish authors for compositions of this kind; no nation," says he, "in my opinion being equal to the English in that way, as well for their excellent as for their various and numerous *consorts of three, four, five, and six parts*, made properly for instruments of which *fancees* are the chief."

In my next I shall enumerate several church writers from the time of Elizabeth to that of Charles the First, many of whom have hitherto remained unknown to the musical world.—I am, dear sir, your's truly,

JOSEPH WARREN.

#### To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Having, in the course of my professional duties, occasion to refer to a MS. called "Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book," which I wish to see, being engaged in a work in which I want some information relative to this MS., and not knowing where to find it, I made inquiries, and was referred to a remark of the editor of the "Harmonicon," who, in a note attached to a memoir of Dr. Bull printed in that work, states that the MS. was deposited in the British Museum; but upon application there I could gain no information, not being acquainted with the number and particular mark by which it would be



known to the officers of the establishment. I find it again stated in "Hogarth's History of Music" that it is deposited in the Museum. I instituted further inquiries in the matter, but again without any success, so that I was determined to abandon my desire of seeing the book, and proceed on with the subject on which I am engaged without it.

But on looking over a number of your journal (No. XLVIII. of the new series) I find it again stated in a letter of your esteemed correspondent, Mr. Joseph Warren, on the subject of the lost MS. of Dr. Bull, that Elizabeth's Virginal Book is in the Museum, and which was purchased by the trustees at the sale of Mr. Robert Bremner (the music seller in the Strand); the authority of Mr. Warren, so well known for his profound knowledge in antiquarian musical matters, was on my part not doubted, but again to my surprise, on application, I was informed by Sir Frederick Madden that the MS. was not in the library of the British Museum, but that it is deposited in the library of the University of Cambridge.

Now, sir, I have had a great deal of trouble about this MS., being misled by false statements, and no doubt many persons similarly circumstanced likewise, I should feel obliged by your informing the public through the medium of your journal (in which one of these erroneous statements has appeared) where it really is to be found, as above. And the high authority of Sir Frederick Madden will, I presume, be sufficient to set the matter at rest.—I am, sir, your's respectfully,

EDWARD F. RIMBAULT.

### MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE. FOREIGN.

PARIS, *Wednesday May 1.*—**MADemoisELLE RACHEL.**—The first benefit of the star of the Theatre Français, taken last night at the Italian Opera House (the Odéon), was attended by all the rank and fashion of this capital. Not a place was unoccupied, and the assemblage of "our people" was particularly conspicuous. The *beneficiare* had chosen Racine's *Andromaque*, in which she sustains *Hermione*; and Molière's *Tartuffe*, in which she enacted *Dorine*. Mademoiselle Rachel thus threw down the gauntlet for tragedy and comedy. I think she failed in both. Her most zealous admirers admitted that *Dorine* was a signal failure. She has, to my mind, been prodigiously overrated. Histrionic powers she has none. Not one spark, not one burst of genius, was evinced in the long five acts of the tragedy. She has no impulse. It is all cold, studied declamation—excellent recitation, if you will, in a drawing-room, but entirely out of place on the stage. Admitting that she relieves the monotony of the verse, conceding that her enunciation is beautifully clear and distinct, fully agreeing in all that has been said in praise of the quality of her voice, I still must confess that I rejoiced when the tragedy closed, for even her tact could not relieve the long soliloquies from their fatiguing dullness. Madlle. Rachel, in default of passion, resorts to a very ridiculous trick, which, however, the Parisians admire exceedingly. We allude to her sudden transitions of voice. This may be justified where two conflicting passions are to be expressed in one phrase, but it becomes manifestly absurd where unity of feeling be intended. In the scene with *Oreste*, in the second act, in the lines—

"Du Troyen, ou de moi faites le decider,  
Qui'l songe qui des deux il veut rendre ou garder!  
Enfin, qu'il me renvoie, ou bien qu'il vous le livre,  
Adieu! S'il y consent, je suis prête à vous suivre."

Madlle. Rachel might have resorted with great effect to the change of tone, but it was the *adieu!* of a *salon*, and expressed anything but the conflicting passions of love, pride, and revenge included in the above quotation. I was much disappointed in her last scene, after the murder of *Pyrrus*, when *Hermione* reproaches *Oreste* for having yielded to the wishes of an *amante insensée*. Any fourth-rate actress of the British stage would have made much of the situation, but Madlle. Rachel calmly recited, her voice dropped as usual, her eye was motionless, and her arms were suspended like a school girl saying her lesson. She has become, however, the rage of the day, and to what is to be attributed her success? Just because Racine and Corneille had long been at a discount, and it became again a fashion to acknowledge that France had still such dramatic writers; next, because taken as mere recitations, Madlle's. Rachel's readings are

pleasing and were new after the bombast of her contemporaries. Then her story, so full of romance, it piqued the Parisians, and then the *feuilletonistes* took her by the hand; in short, Rachel's popularity, now on the wane, is owing to any causes but those of her histrionic powers.

In respect to the *Tartuffe*, she was more readily understood by the audience than in the *Andromaque*. Whatever may be the defects of the French tragic school, as comedians and *farceurs* they are unrivalled. They lose sight immediately of the stiff trammels of awful tragedy and become easy and natural. Thus it is that we find the artists of the vaudevilles are so unapproachable—it is nature itself, not acting at all. Madlle. Rachel, had she really natural powers, might have been glorified in the *naïve Dorine*, but her stiff angular action and deficiency of the *vis comica* rendered the *soubrette* as solemn a personage as the Greek heroine. Except the dress, *Dorine* was in point of fact *Hermione*. The great scene with *Orgon* and *Mariane*, in the second act, and subsequently with the lovers, excited little hilarity—scenes so rich that the humour of *Dorine* almost plays itself. The most curious scene of the evening was the first appearance together of Madlle. Mars and Madlle. Rachel. Madlle. Mars enacted *Élmière*, the wife of *Orgon*, and a charming performance it was, as full of grace and elegance as in times of yore, when she was the sole mistress of the Théâtre Français. The fickle public, moved by the plaintive tones of that well-known voice, seemed to be recalled to its allegiance, and the applause was prodigal. Madlle. Mars became the star of the night; it was manifest during the progress of the comedy, and at its close there was no doubt of the fact, I am sure the majority of voices called for her, "but, however," Rachel first came forward to receive a shower of flowers, bouquets, wreaths, and the curtain dropped. The cry was then universal for "Mars! Mars!" and the company stopped till she re-appeared, when the stage became a "champ de Mars," for it was one pelting shower of laurel, &c.

#### METROPOLITAN.

MR. KOLLMAN'S CONCERT.—The second grand concert which Mr. Kollman has given this season was performed on Tuesday morning at Willis's Rooms. There were some alterations from the original cast of the programme, which, however, did not injure the *eclat* of a concert as much crowded (and, as it would appear, by as pleased an audience) as any we have attended this season. The room was, in fact, full, and the patronage not confined to the west end; for we noticed the Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress among the company. The concert opened with a quartett from *Semiramide*, which was well sung by Miss Birch and Signori Begrez, Rovedino, and Giubilei. A manuscript song, "Daughter of Faith," the composition (and a very pleasing one) of Mrs. Lennard Barrett, was given with good expression by Miss Bruce. On the arrival of Mori, who had been delayed, a grand pianoforte concerto of Weber's was played by Mr. Kollmann upon his patent instrument, with beautiful accompaniments by Mori, Puzzi, Sedlatzek, Willman, and Hausman. Rossini's duet, "Ah si tu per gli occhi," was sung creditably by Begrez and Madame Balfe, both of whom had solos also in the first part. Miss Dolby opened Part II. with, "L'addio" of Mozart, which she sang with taste and feeling. She also joined Miss Birch, Begrez, Rovedino, and Giubilei, in the "Oh guardante che accidenti" of Rossini. The serenade (Moscheles and Hummel) for pianoforte, harp, violin, clarinet, and violoncello, was exquisitely performed by Wright, Mori, Willman, Hausman, and Mr. Kollman. Giubilei's "Largo al factotum," from *Il Barbiere*, met with its usual popular reception. After "Softly the moonlight," correctly sung by Miss Birch, and accompanied by Mori's "obligato," and "Let me wander," by Miss Bruce, the whole concert was effectively and even brilliantly concluded with "Dal tu stellato soglio," from Rossini, in which the fine harp obligated by Mr. Wright elicited the loudest applause, and was near proving an encored *finale*.

LADY COLBORNE'S CONCERT on Friday evening, in Hill-street, was under the able direction of Puzzi. A host of fashionables were present. The following was the programme:—*Prima parte*—Terzetto, "Vorrei parlar ma l'ira,"

Madame Grisi, Mademoiselle de Riviere, and Mademoiselle Placci; fantasia, from "Lucia di Lammermoor," corno, Signor Puzzi; aria, "L'Amor suo mi fe beata," Mdme. Grisi; duetto, "Non temer, mio bel Cadetto," Madlle. Placci and Signor Tamburini; serenade, Signor Ivanoff; corno obligato, Signor Puzzi; duetto, "Oh! guardate che figura," Mademoiselle Grisi and Signor Tamburini; finale, "Donna del Lago," Tutti, Rossini. *Seconda parte*—Duetto, "La Ronda," Signori Ivanoff and Tamburini; romance, "M'aimerez-vous autant," Mademoiselle de Riviere; terzetto, "Alma infida," Madame Grisi, Signori Ivanoff and Tamburini; barcalora, "Ah! se tu fossi meco," Signor Marras; corno obligato, Signor Puzzi; duetto, "Deh! con te," Madame Grisi and Mademoiselle de Riviere; tarantella, Signor Tamburini; terzetto, "Le faccio un' Inchino," Madame Grisi, Mademoiselle de Riviere, and Mademoiselle Placci; pianoforte, Signor Marras.

MRS. MABERLY'S CONCERT.—On Monday evening Mrs. Maberly gave a concert at her house in Berkeley-street to between two and three hundred persons. The three superb drawing-rooms were illuminated in the most splendid and tasteful manner. The music commenced with the beautiful trio of "Ambo Morrete," by Grisi, Rubini, and Lablache.

MRS. ANDERSON'S CONCERT.—This accomplished lady's annual morning concert, which took place yesterday at the Great Concert Room of her Majesty's Theatre, was, in all the respects of professional and fashionable display, the most grand and brilliant that has been given this season. The room was literally crammed with the *elite* of *hautton*, and the entertainment provided was rich, *recherché*, and varied. Sir George Smart was the conductor, Mr. F. Cramer leading the first part, and Mori the second. The concert commenced with an overture (*Joko*), by Lindpainter, performed by her Majesty's private band of wind instruments, which were present, by an express permission of the Queen, graciously accorded to her talented musical preceptress. The overture was brilliantly played. Madlle. Riviere sang a cavatina from Donizetti; and Mrs. Anderson played with feeling, power, and expression, and with an exquisite chastity of style, Weber's "Concert Stuck," her performance of which was deservedly crowned with loud applauses. Tamburini having sent an excuse upon the plea of a cold, the duet "Dove vai," in which he was cast, was sung with Rubini by M. F. Lablache. Madame Stockhausen then introduced a new German ballad, "Die erste stunde der liebe" (Goethe), and a new Swiss air, "The Mountain Boy," with harp obligato, by Mr. Stockhausen. The pleasing effects of a very charming composition were delightfully given by Madame Stockhausen, whose voice has unrivalled captivation when giving expression to this peculiar style. Rubini sang "Fra poco," from the *Lucia di Lammermoor*, finely as ever; and Persiani never gave the scena "Come per me sereno" with greater *eclat*. Blagrove played most beautifully the first movement of a violin concerto by De Beriot. The ever-celebrated "Oh guardate che figura," sang by Grisi and the elder Lablache, produced the irresistible effect of blended drollery and genius—of glorious singing and comic incident, and the audience could scarcely refrain from an *encore*. Miss Hawes sang prettily a simple ballad of her own composition; and a grand sestetto from Mozart, given by Madame Persiani, Madlles. Monnani and De Riviere, and Signori Rubini, F. Lablache, and Lablache, made a splendidly effective conclusion to the first part of the concert. In the second part Mrs. Anderson took part with Mons. Lablache in a duet for pianoforte and harp; Madame Stockhausen joined her niece, Madlle. Bilstein, in a new Swiss duet; Grisi sang a solo and also a duet with Persiani; Mr. Card played a fantasia on the flute, and her Majesty's band was again called into play for the finale, to perform a favourite waltz by Labitsky. It is impossible to bestow too high praise upon the whole conduct of this concert, or to overrate the degree of intellectual pleasure which it infused into its audience—not, however, more numerous nor highly pleased than the attractions and talents of Mrs. Anderson, and those who acted with her, deserved they should be.

FIFTH PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.—The performance began with Beethoven's *sinfonia* in F, No. 8. In grandeur of design and elevation of the general character of its *motive*, it bears no comparison to other of this composer's *sinfonias*, but it abounds in thoughts, the offspring of a great mind, merely diverting itself in a cheerful and less cynical mood than was common to its

nature. Afterthoughts occur, especially in the last allegro, which now and then majestically soar above the gay primitive subject of the movement in triplets; the combination, too, of the compound accents of six, four, and common time, alternately with stringed and wind instruments, and the enharmonic changes, fugue, and other contrivances, emanate from a source that cannot be mistaken. The scherzo was encored—a more perfect gem of unostentatious instrumentation, expressing the most playful, elegant phrases of melody, in imitations staccato, relieved by episodic *morceaux* of sentimental and sustained harmony, was never penned by mortal man; we are, however, always inclined to quarrel with the insignificant common Italian cadence with which Beethoven has terminated this exquisite spirit of fancy, which in every other respect is as altogether *original* as it is beautiful. The first allegro lost much of its spirit by being taken too slow. The minuets and trio were never favourites of our's: the former, excepting a few bars of broken accentuation alternating a pleasing fragment with wind and stringed instruments, is altogether inferior to all Beethoven's other minuets; and the trio abounds with straggling passages for clarinet, horn, and violoncello, difficult to execute, and scarcely satisfactory to listen to. The vast progress made in other orchestras, and the frequent hearing on the continent of the *sinfonias* of Beethoven *got up* with more attention in the detail of *nuance* and expression, make us fastidious enough to desire a more strict observance of light and shade than the execution of many parts of this *sinfonia* on Monday last exhibited. We are willing to admit that the absurd position of the stringed instruments in the Philharmonic orchestra is father to half the faults we complain of, and we shall, on a future occasion, consider the subject thoroughly, in conjunction with some invidious distinctions of talent employed in this band, and honestly expose the errors which custom has established and obstinate ignorance now perpetuates. The second *sinfonia* was Spohr's in E flat, generally admitted to be the most successful of the orchestral compositions of this luxuriant harmonist. If Haydn and Mozart, with their melodies ever new, ever fresh, suffer by comparison with Beethoven, how much more must Spohr, whose most successful ideas are smothered in harmony which none but a liberal-minded musician can patiently investigate with pleasurable feeling. Arguments may be adduced in favour of partaking of that enjoyment first which demands the most thinking, but reason convinces us that the mind in such cases is akin to the palate—both being careless of food less piquant than the nourishment last taken. The execution was occasionally sluggish, as well it might be with such elaborate parts, the performers jaded, and the room oppressively hot; the delicious *andante* in A flat (could we divest ourselves of all recollection of Mozart) might be considered an original composition, and is replete with beautiful counterpoint and phrases of most elegant melody, altogether the best executed part of the *sinfonia*. The overture to *Euryanthe* went remarkably well—the boldness of Weber's scoring, and the exquisite relief of his secondary melodies, always insure a successful issue when correctly executed. Winter's overture to *Calypso* was the fourth orchestral piece. The two soloists were Bennet on the piano, and Batta on the violoncello. The young Englishman is honourably working his way to a proud eminence; he is thoroughly imbued with a generous and right feeling for the art, and exhibits in his pianoforte concertos a desire to follow the steps of the great masters in uniting the best features of orchestral accompaniments with passages best suited to the genius of his solo instrument. The composition performed on this occasion consisted of a new allegro in F minor, abounding with charming fragments of accompaniment, flowing with the utmost freedom. The second movement a *barcarolle*, fancifully interspersed with trite passages for the piano, quaintly new in their structure, were very neatly executed—we have some recollection of this pleasing movement on a former occasion. The last allegro, a bold and spirited composition, put the executive powers of the performers to a severe and successful test. The strong professional feeling which favours the reception of this young man and his productions, will not, we hope, deter him from pursuing his career onward with undiminished ardour, and to *think* more independently for himself. He was initiated in the very orthodox, and *un-imaginative* training of the Royal Academy of Music, and we hail a promise of new results from his recent wandering in the "father-land of musical genius."

Monsieur Batta, we are told, is a young Belgian of high repute in Paris. If the tone of Lindley's violoncello playing be taken as the proper standard, then Batta, like many of his predecessors who have visited this country, must be accused of wanting that richness and fullness of tone which is the characteristic of the violoncello as distinguishing it from the viola; we are, however, inclined to think that a just medium of quantity and quality is most desirable. Breadth of tone is produced by mounting the instrument with thick strings, playing with a heavy bow, and with the pressure of Lindley's fingers, which seem made for such resources. Unless born a Hercules, it would be in vain to attempt the pleasing effects of modern violoncello playing with such obstacles, and as we are no advocates for going to the other extreme in sacrificing everything to *tours de force*, we cannot acquiesce with those admirers of Batta who pronounce such unqualified opinions on his performance. In a *capriccio* by B. Romberg, we were perfectly satisfied with his *methode*; nothing could be more finished than his bowing, nor was there any excess of *portamento*, which the affected taste of the Parisians call *intensity of feeling*. In the chamber, Batta's talent would best be appreciated, but in a large room the passages of execution, especially *arpeggios*, are not heard, and partly indistinct from the jarrings of thin strings on the finger-board, a natural consequence from their not resisting the force of the bow. If Monsieur Batta be content with the flattery of a limited circle, then he will spurn our advice to use stronger strings, and avoid the offence which every refined ear must detect in his performance. His taste, execution, elegant and varied bowing, all so good, ought to be unaccompanied with any objectionable quality. The just medium then is, in our opinion, between Lindley and Batta, to combine the excellencies of both with as much of tone as consistent with *delicacy*, variety, and just expression.

The vocal music, though of the best, calls for no remark on the score of novelty. Phillips sang "Tears of Sorrow," from Spohr's *Crucifixion*. Madame Stockhausen, in the soprano scena from *Fidelio*, sang with her usual good feeling and correct intonation, which a few years' absence from this country seems not to have impaired: but why sing *Fidelio* in French? The duettino for two sopranos, from *Freyshutz*, sung by this lady and her niece, Madlle. Bilstein, accompanied out of tune by the first violins, was too tame to produce effect. The splendid terzetto in *Fidelio*, sung in Italian, was the fourth vocal piece, and never fails to impart pleasure to those who have sympathy for the almost sublime in dramatic art. An incident occurred involving a painful surmise which is worthy of record: Dragonetti, whose wonderful power and services can never be replaced, was reported to be ill; but at the moment Sir G. Smart raised his baton, the huge contro-basso with its polished surface, made its appearance, a sure indication that "Il Drago" was close at hand; all was suspended for a few minutes, when Lindley escorted his *better* half into the orchestra, amidst a tumult of applause. We regret to state that age and illness are now making sad havoc with this venerable artist.

ANCIENT CONCERTS.—The fifth concert took place last night, under the direction of the Archbishop of York, for the Earl Fortescue.

The concert next Wednesday will be honoured with the presence of her Majesty. Director, his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, who has engaged Madames Stockhausen, and Albertazzi, Miss Birch, Miss Hawes, Miss Wyndham, Ivanoff, Hawkins, Bennett, Balfe, and Phillips.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

PAULINE GARCIA.—This young artist promises to realize more than was anticipated of her by report. At the rehearsal of *Otello* on Wednesday, her voice, style, execution, expression, manner, in short, everything but external appearance bore so strong a resemblance to her talented sister Malibran, that the stoutest heart gave way, and tears of melancholy (souvenirs created by association) were seen to trickle down the cheeks of the most veteran artists. Nothing but a little more physical power is wanting to complete the fac-simile as an artist. Her first *entrée* is a new scena composed for her by Costa.

**HER MAJESTY'S CONCERTS.**—We have been informed that the concert to be given by the Queen on Monday next, is only the precursor of a series. The principal foreign singers will be engaged at the first, and the second will consist of native talent—a very proper arrangement on the part of her Majesty, and one that cannot fail of affording universal gratification to her *harmonious* subjects.

MADAME TAGLIONI is expected to arrive in England on the 15th of this month. The new ballet to welcome this celebrated *dansuse* is to be called *La Gaetana*.

**MORI'S CONCERT.**—A great musical treat is offered to the public at Mori's concert to-morrow, the 10th inst. His programme embraces everything that can possibly interest the lovers of music. All the principal singers attached to her Majesty's Theatre are to be heard, in addition to all the best solo players now in London. The extraordinary pianist, Döhler, plays one of his newest fantasias; David, in addition to a solo, performs a concertante for two violins with the *beneficario*; Grisi and Persiani sing together in a new duetto, never before introduced to the public; and Pauline Garcia, whose approaching *débüt* forms the prevailing theme of conversation in the fashionable and musical circles, sings two of her most celebrated arias. These are, however, but few of the gems with which the programme teems, and which, from its attractive character, bids fair to draw together one of the most numerous and fashionable audiences of the season.

#### CONCERTS, &c., OF THE WEEK.

This evening.—Mr. Nentes' First Soirée.

To-morrow evening.—Mori's Annual Concert.

Saturday Morning.—Madame Balling's Concert.

Monday Morning.—Rehearsal of the Sixth Ancient Concert: 'Madame' Sala's Concert, Willis's Rooms. In the evening, the Societa Armonica, and Mr. Clinton's Concert.

Wednesday.—(the Epsom Derby day), the Queen goes to the Ancient Concert.

Friday evening.—Madame Dulcken's Annual Concert.

**MESDAMES GRISI, PERSIANI, GARCIA, ALBERTAZZI, STOCKHAUSEN, DE RIVIERE, and BALFE,** Signori RUBINI, IVANOFF, TAMBURINI, LABLACHE, &c. &c., and all the available instrumental talent, including M. Döhler on the Pianoforte, M. Alex. Batta on the Violoncello, Messrs. David, Blagrove, and Mori on the Violin, &c. &c., will be engaged for M. BENEDICT'S GRAND MORNING CONCERT in the Concert Room of her Majesty's Theatre, on Wednesday, May 22, at two o'clock precisely. Conductor, Signor Costa. Boxes, Stalls, and Tickets, for which an early application is respectfully solicited, may be had at Addison and Beale's, 201, Regent-street; Chappell's, Mori and Lavenue's, Mills's, and Charles Olivier's, New Bond-street; Mitchell's Royal Library, and Lonsdale's, Old Bond-street; M. Benedict's, 8, Bruton-street.

**MESSRS. MOSCHELES and DAVID'S GRAND MORNING CONCERT** on Saturday, May 25th, at the Hanover Square Rooms.—Mr. Moscheles will have the honour to perform his new *MS. CONCERTO PASTORALE*; a Concertante with Mr. David; a new Concertante for Three Pianofortes, entitled, "Hommage à Beethoven" with Madame Dulcken and M. Döhler, and the Grand Serenade by Hummel and Moscheles, with Harp Violin, Clarinet, and Bassoon, played by Messrs. T. Wright, David, Willman, and Barman. Mr. David will play his *FANTASIA ON RUSSIAN AIRS* (as performed at the Philharmonic Concert); the Concertante with Mr. Moscheles, and the principal part in Beethoven's *Sextett*. Sig. Prizzi a Fantasia on the Horn. Principal Vocalists.—Madame Stockhausen, Miss Bilstein (her niece), Madlle. de Riviere, Miss Birch, Miss Masson, Miss Dolby, Sig. Ivanoff, and Sig. F. Lablache. Leader, Mr. F. Cramer. Conductor, Sir G. Smart. Tickets 10s, 6d., and Stalls for the Room and Boxes, one Guinea each, to be had of Mr. Moscheles, 3, Chester Place, Regent's Park, of Mr. David, 4, Cumberland Street, and at the Principal Music Shops.

#### M. LABARRE'S CONCERT.

Mesdames Grisi, Persiani, Pauline Garcia, Stockhausen, Ernesta Grisi, and Labarre; Signori Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache; M. Döhler on the Pianoforte, M. Alex. Batta on the Violoncello, and M. Labarre on the Harp, assisted by several other artists of the most distinguished talent, will appear in the Concert Room of Her Majesty's Theatre on Monday morning, June 3rd. Signor Mario, the celebrated tenor, will be engaged immediately on his arrival in town.—M. Labarre respectfully solicits an early application for boxes and stalls at his residence, 19, Golden Square; of Cramer and Co., 201, Regent Street; and Charles Oliver, 41, New Bond Street.

**MADAME DULCKEN, Pianiste** to her Majesty the Queen, Musical Instructress to her Royal Highness the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, &c., has the honour to announce that she will give a *GRAND EVENING CONCERT* at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover-square, on *FRIDAY, May 17*. The Concert will be on the most splendid scale, and all the first talent, vocal and instrumental, will be engaged. Leader, Mr. Mori; Conductor, Sir George Smart. Full particulars will be shortly announced. Tickets at half-a-guinea, and a limited number of Stalls at one guinea, to be had of the principal Music sellers; and of Madame Dulcken, 4, Cumberland-street, Bryanstone-square.

#### NEW PIANOFORTE MUSIC.—

Just published, *TWELVE* celebrated *AIRS*, arranged for the Pianoforte, in an easy and brilliant style, by F. BURGMÜLLER, viz.:—Vaga luna—L'amo ah l'amo—Tie e Toc—Soare imagine—Ad altro laccio—Se m'abbandoni—Herz mein herz—1st denn liebe—Ah non lasciarmi—Eclia ver—Donne l'amore; and the Spanish Air, Ay Maria. Each 2s.

London: Chappell, 50, New Bond Street.



## NEW VOCAL MUSIC.—SONGS AND BALLADS.

Title.	Writer.	Composer.	s. d.
Leave us Not.....	Mrs. Hemans.....	E. J. Nielson.....	2 0
Come, the Moon Plays on the Rose.....	H. Halpin.....	J. P. Knight.....	2 0
Old Time is Still a Flying.....	R. Herrick.....	Ditto.....	2 0
I Mourn not the Forest.....	Bishop Heber.....	E. J. Nielson.....	2 0
When Eyes are Beaming.....	Ditto.....	Ditto.....	1 6
The Happy Home.....	Chas. Swain.....	Ditto.....	2 0
England! Glorious Name.....	R. Howitt.....	E. J. Westropp.....	2 0
Away in thy Beauty, Away.....	Ditto.....	G. F. Harriss.....	2 0
The Wreckers.....	W. H. Baker.....	W. Aspull.....	2 6
Art Thou Not Dear.....	Moore.....	Ditto.....	2 0
The Winter's lone Beautiful Rose.....	Mrs. Opie.....	Ditto.....	2 0
The Maid of Lucerne.....	M. Barnett.....	A. Lee.....	2 0
The Fairy Queen.....	Shakspeare.....	C. H. Purday.....	2 0
Our Fireside at Home.....	G. Macfarren.....	G. A. Macfarren.....	2 0
I saw him on the Mountain.....	J. Bird.....	John Barnett.....	2 0

## DUETS.

The Hour Glass.....	Mrs. Hemans.....	R. Sutton.....	2 0
Sunbeam of Summer.....	Ditto.....	V. Bellini.....	2 0
Switzerland, dear Switzerland.....	Carpenter.....	J. Blewitt.....	2 0
O, Softly rise, Bright Summer Moon.....		T. B. Phipps.....	2 0
No More the Siren Voice of Love.....		V. Bellini.....	2 0
Listen to Me (Cachuca).....	W. Ball.....	E. J. Westropp.....	2 0

## GLEES FOR TWO SOPRANOS AND BASS.

Go Boy, and Weave.....	G. Soane.....	W. West.....	2 0
Up, Rosalie.....	Ditto.....	Ditto.....	2 0
The Ocean King.....	H. Firm.....	Ditto.....	2 6
The Haaf Fishers.....	Sir W. Scott.....	Ditto.....	2 0
The Lonely Isle.....	Ditto.....	C. E. Horn.....	2 6
Up, Quit thy Bower.....	Johanna Baillie.....	T. Attwood.....	2 6
The Mountain Cot.....		W. Richards.....	2 0

Published by Z. T. Purday, 45, High Holborn

SIGNOR GIULIO REGONDI ha  
Removed to No. 26, Great Portland Street.

**MUSARD'S QUADRILLES FOR ORCHESTRA.** Published and Sold by T. Boosey and Co., 28, Holles Street, Oxford Street, Price 6s. each.—L'Elisir d'Amore—Le Comte de Paris—Gondoliers—Mohicans—Proscrit—Danois—Les Echos—Prison d'Edinbourg—Espagnolo—Venice—Naples—Champs Elisées—Ludovic—Norma—Brise du Matin—Gustave—Pre'aux Clercs—Anna Bolena—Polonois.

## PIANOFORTES.

## EXTENSIVE REDUCTION IN PRICE.

**R. WORNUM, INVENTOR** and Manufacturer of Patent Double-Action Pianofortes, at the Music Hall, Store Street, Bedford Square.

## THE PICCOLO.

Plain in Mahogany.....	30 Guineas
Best Ditto.....	34 Ditto
Elegant with Trusses.....	38 Ditto
Ditto with Cylinder.....	42 Ditto
Plain Rosewood.....	42 Ditto
Elegant.....	50 Ditto

## COTTAGE AND CABINET.

From 42 Guineas to..... 75 Guineas

## POCKET GRAND HORIZONTAL.

From 55 Guineas to..... 75 Guineas

## IMPERIAL GRAND HORIZONTAL.

From 75 Guineas to..... 90 Guineas

The above Instruments are well manufactured, and all prepared for extreme climates.

The Piccolo stands 3 feet 8 inches high; and the Pocket Grand is only 5 feet 4 inches long.

A liberal allowance to Exporters and Dealers.

This extensive reduction has been drawn from the Advertiser as a measure of protection to his "New Piccolo Pianoforte," the success of which has induced certain Manufacturers to announce and sell Instruments of a different character under the same name, by which the Public are deceived and the inventor injured.

## WILLIAM STERNDALÉ BENNETT.

**THE New Concerto** as performed by this eminent Pianist and Composer with such success at the last Philharmonic Concert is now published by Coventry and Hollier, and Cramer, Addison, and Beale, where all the works of this Author may be had, including his New Overture, "Die Waldnymph," composed for, and performed at the Leipzig Concert. John Sebastian Bach's Grand Studies for the Organ, Books 7th and 8th now ready.

## CONCERTS OF ANCIENT MUSIC.

**THE SIXTH CONCERT** will take place on Wednesday next, May 15th, **THE REHEARSAL** on Monday the 13th. The Subscribers have the privilege of introducing their friends to single Concerts by Tickets, price one Guinea each, or to Rehearsals price 10s. 6d. each. Applications for which to be made by Subscribers only at C. Lonsdale's (late Birchall and Co.'s) Musical Circulating Library, 26, Old Bond Street.

## MR. SALAMAN'S GRAND MORNING

**CONCERT**, on the 4th of June, at the Concert Rooms, Hanover Square. Mesdames Stockhausen, Albertazzi, Miss Birch. Madlle. de Riviere, Signori Ivanoff, P. Lablache, and Mr. H. Phillips, will sing at Mr. Salaman's concert. M. David (the celebrated German violinist) and Mr. Lidel (the celebrated violoncellist) will perform solos. Mr. Salaman will play Beethoven's Concerto in C minor, a new Serenade and Rondo by Mendelssohn (for the first time in this country), and Thalberg's Fantasia from "Mosé." Miss Birch will sing a new MS. Serenade, and Mr. Phillips a MS. Scena, composed by Mr. Salaman, and accompanied by him on the pianoforte. The orchestra will include all the principal Philharmonic Performers. Beethoven's Grand Overture to Egmont, and Mendelssohn's celebrated Overture to "A Midsummer's Night's Dream," will be performed. Leader, Mr. Eliason; Conductor, Sir George Smart. Tickets, 10s. 6d., and a few stalls, 15s., of Mr. Salaman, 36, Baker Street, Portman Square, and the principal Music Shops.



# MAXWELL'S LIFE OF WELLINGTON.

MESSRS. A. H. BAILY & CO.

Have the honour to announce the Publication of a

LIFE OF FIELD-MARSHAL

THE

DUKE OF WELLINGTON, K.G.

&c. &c.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE

"*Stories of Waterloo*;" "*The Bivouac*;" "*Wild Sports of the West*;" and "*Victories of the British Armies*."

This Work will be completed in Twelve Parts; each Part beautifully embellished by two or more highly-finished Line Engravings on Steel, from pictures by the most eminent living and deceased Artists; and many well executed Wood engravings, illustrative of Native and Military Costume. A Part will be published every alternate month, elegantly printed in demy 8vo, price 5s; and royal 8vo, with proof impressions of the plates on India paper, price 7s. 6d. each Part. This truly National Work, when complete, will form Three handsome Volumes, and contain Twenty-seven splendid Plates, including Three Vignette Titles.

## EMBELLISHMENTS TO PART I.

DEATH OF DOONDHIA.....By A. COOPER, R. A.  
THE MARQUIS WELLESLEY.....By SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.  
VIEW OF STRATHFIELDSAYE.....From an Original Drawing taken for this Work.

AND SEVERAL WOOD ENGRAVINGS.

## PROSPECTUS.

AWARE of the difficulties before them, the Publishers undertake the Work, nevertheless, with full assurance of perfect success, having at the outset of their undertaking great advantages already in their possession, and a certain promise of obtaining most valuable assistance during the further progress of their labours.

The name of Mr. Maxwell, the Author and Editor of the Work,—his general literary reputation,—and his particular celebrity as a terse, powerful, and vigorous writer upon military affairs,—are guarantees of a high degree of merit in its composition. Nor will public confidence be lessened by the information that its preparation has been Mr. Maxwell's cherished task for several years; and that he commences the execution of his work, satisfied as to the extent and readiness of his resources, the large accession of documents from best authority, and the active contributive co-operation of his military connexions. A great extent and variety of exclusive information will thus be published for the first time within its pages.

In regard to its Embellishments, they will comprise a beautiful series of highly-finished engravings upon steel, executed in the most exquisite and ex-

pensive style, from the easels and burins of the most eminent painters and engravers. The subjects will be principally portraits and battle-pieces,—victories won under Wellington,—and portraits of the Generals who assisted him in gaining them. For the excellence of the more technical department of the publication, the Publishers can make themselves responsible. The work will be remarkable for the beauty of its typography,—and printed in the most handsome and appropriate form. The parts will appear at two-months' intervals, at Five Shillings each, so that a handsome guinea volume will be completed at the end of every eight months; and the whole work at the expiration of two years.

This mode of publication has been adopted, after mature consideration, for several cogent reasons,—not the least important of which has been a consultation of the convenience of that very large class of readers who would not willingly let such a work pass,—but who might feel a sensible difference between an immediate payment of Three Guineas and a periodical instalment of Five Shillings.

\* \* \* Subscribers' Names received by every respectable Bookseller in the Kingdom.

LONDON: A. H. BAILEY AND CO 83, CORNHILL.

PART I., was Published on the First of May.

PART II. will be published on the 30th of June, and will contain—An Outline Map of India; and Military Plans of the Battles of Assaya and Argaum, besides other embellishments.

HENRY HOOPER, 13, Pall Mall, East, where all communications for the Editor, Works for Review, and Advertisements are received.—R. GROOMBRIDGE, Panzer Alley, Paternoster Row, and the following Agents:—  
ALDRIDGE, Regent Street.  
CHAPPELL, Bond Street.  
CRAMER, ADDISON, and BEALE, Regent Street.  
DALMAINE, and Co., Soho Square.  
DUFF and HODGSON, Oxford Street.  
GEORGE and MANBY, Fleet Street.  
J. KEEGAN, Burlington Arcade.  
JOHANNING, 129, Great Portland Street.  
MILLS, Bond Street.  
OLLIVIER, Bond Street.  
T. E. PURDAY, St. Paul's Church Yard.  
Z. T. PURDAY, High Holborn.  
SIMPSON, Regent Street.

London: Printed by JOHN LEIGHTON, at his Printing-office, 11, Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, May 9th, 1820.